

Lone Gunchick2: Dancing About Architecture

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SUMMARY: Langly's music side comes out, as Sterling Silver starts up again in her band, "Working"

>DISCLAIMERS: The Lone Gunmen and their surroundings are all owned and operated by FOX and 1013 studios. Not even close to being mine or anybody else's. Little Black Book Sterling Silver is the property of me, with a slight joint owning privileges to the e-mail group at Topica that helped me make it all happen, the nutty bunch of gals on The Lone Gunmen mailing list. Smash Mouth is the property of Smash Mouth and their surroundings. The Bloodhound Gang is property of themselves, they have no reason to live but they like it that way. Working is the property of Sterling Silver, which is the property of me. Ha! This chapter title was taken from a quote from "Playing By Heart."

>AUTHOR'S NOTE: I can have an imagination can't I? When was the last time Langly ever went out and partied? I shaped Working after dance clubs, acting, and Smash Mouth. Now Smash Mouth is good. I've just recently been addicted to the Bloodhound Gang, that's why they're in this fanfic. Sorry to anybody who dislikes the Bloodhound Gang.

>

>Chapter Two
Dancing About Architecture

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> The loudest Ramones music blasted throughout the Gunmen's office and bedroom woke them up, at noon, on a Friday. The alarm clock failed to go off, the Gunmen slept extra hours as if they were taking sick days off work. The music seemed to be played on an electric guitar hooked up to an amp that must have been rigged to go up to the 11th volume level. Frohike was very cranky; he threw one of his pillows and Langly.
 "God dammit Langly! Why do you gotta play that crap while I'm trying to sleep?!" Frohike yelled over the loud music.

> "I didn't do anything! I swear!" Langly whined to Frohike, throwing his pillow back at him.
 "Then get your ass up and go find out where it's coming from or I'll get postal on you!" Langly dragged himself out of bed, walked over to Frohike's bed, and shoved the pillow over Frohike's face. Frohike's yells were muffled, but it was enough to have Byers pry Langly off of Frohike. Byers shoved Langly out of the bedroom, making him follow the music and get it turned off.

> "When they suddenly hear some good music they go, oh it's Langly, that long haired punk! Let's make him turn it down!" Langly muttered angrily to himself, following the music as it got louder.
 It seemed to be The Job That Ate My Brain, off the Ramones' 1992 Mondo Bizarro album. He began to hear the lyrics being sang:

>
Out of the bed at 6:15

>In a rush and you can't think
Gotta catch the bus and train

>I'm in a rush feelin' insane

>I can't take this crazy pace
I've become a mental case

>Yeah, this is the job that ate my brain

>Go to work, it's such a drag
Face the boss, he's such a nag

>In a suit and in a tie I look so lame
I wanna die

>
I can't take this crazy pace

>I've become a mental case
Yeah, this is the job that ate my brain

>
I can't take this crazy pace

>I've become a mental case
Yeah, this is the job that ate my brain

>
I punch the clock at 9:05

>I know I'm late, but still alive
Everyone just stares at me

>I'm last in line for prosperity

>I can't take this crazy pace I've become a mental case
Yeah, this is the job that ate my brain

>
Five o'clock rolls around

>I feel so glad I kiss the ground
Ain't enough hours in the day

>There's go to be a better way

>I can't take this crazy pace
I've become a mental case

>Yeah, this is the job that ate my brain

>I can't take this crazy pace
I've become a mental case

>Yeah, this is the job that ate my brain

> The song ended just as Langly pushed open the door to Silver, doing a rock star salute, left hand grasping the neck of her guitar, head dropped downwards, and right hand pointed in the air. Langly applauded. Silver looked up at him and smiled.
 "Sorry to wake you guys up, you've been sleeping way too much. It's noon." Said Silver, looking at Langly as she unplugged her guitar. She pointed at her watch, signaling that it really was noon.

> "Holy shit, man. The alarm must have malfunctioned. I went postal

on Fro, because he made me come and turn the music off." Said Langly in shock; he'd never seen Silver practice songs on her gnarly silver electric guitar. Yet enough, her in a band is a 10,000-volt electric shock. Langly had heard several muffled songs as she played in the back room, never as loud as 11.
 "Let those boring dudes sleep. I'm gonna head out to lunch and rehearsal. Wanna come? It might let you get some air, and keep focus off Frohike stress."

> "Sure, a little air, food, and music won't hurt me."
 "Then go get dressed. I don't know places that would take jammies as casual." Langly looked down at his attire and grinned sheepishly before heading to get dressed.

>
 The shirt of the day that Langly picked was a black shirt with a clock on the front, its hands pointing to 9 and 5. There was a post-it note on the back that said Working and was signed by Silver. She had given it to him, the man to appreciate rock band shirts, or any shirt for that matter.

> Silver dressed casually, wearing a baby blue T-shirt that had 'OBEY ME' on it across the chest, dark blue jeans with a light blue stripe down the sides, and blue Fracture Vans.

> They ate at the 18th and U Diner over on NW 18th street in DC. The mingling younger crowd laughed and ate around them. Langly mumbled at the crowd.
 "Geez, I feel like the old fart here." Langly mumbled, looking down at his drink. He took it in his hand and swirled the cool liquid around in its glass. Silver chuckled quietly and put her hands on top of his. Langly glanced up at her from his drink.

> "Look, you might be a little old, but you can feel as young as you want to be. It's all in the way you think. This crowd here is too young to experience what we had since college. We're better than them, and they can just bite us if they don't agree." Silver assured with a small comforting grin.
 "Thanks. You always know the right thing to say." Langly smiled back. Silver withdrew her hands and picked up her drink. She lifted it up in a toast, nodded at Langly, and took a sip.

>
 Just as Silver set her drink back down, a young college guy walked by, glancing at Silver and Langly's shirt. The guy stopped to the left of Silver.

> "Dude." The guy uttered. Silver looked up at him.
 "What's up, dude?" Silver said in a questioning California surfer accent.

> "You're that rockin' chick from that weekend band, Working."
 "Yeah I know, man. It is I, Sterling Silver in the flesh. What do ya wanna know?"

> "You guys haven't been playing at that Weekend's club in awhile. What's up with that?"
 "The drummer and bass players all of a sudden thought they desperately needed to finish the last year of college that they have been slacking on for awhile. John and I couldn't stand playing without them or replacing them, so we rode it out until Michael and James got done with school and all. We're gonna be making our comeback tonight at the Weekend's, John's club. We have a special guest, and we'll be singing their song with their lead singer. Go tell everybody about our comeback and show up tonight, Saturday night, or Sunday afternoon."

> "I'm SO there! Let me tell my friends over there!" The college guy winked at Silver and ran off to several grouped tables of more young college students. Silver leaned back in her chair and looked over at the tables. She slowly got up.
 "Come on Langly, baby. Let's roll before they mob me for autographs and free tickets." Silver said as she got up slowly, looking into Langly's eyes. Langly smacked his hand on the table and got up. He spun on his heels and strode towards the door, with Silver following close behind him. They made it out the door without being mobbed. They jumped into Silver's car and sped

off.

>
 They headed towards the heart of DC, the suburbs. Specifically, Michael Myers' stage/garage/guest house. It looked like a normal garage with a guesthouse above it, but the inside was a full working performance stage for band rehearsals and acting practice. It was one of those one of a kind places.

>
 Inside, Silver introduced Langly to the other members of the band. The rest of the band, were guys. Hard enough to know how Silver made it through the band with three other guys hanging off of her. Langly laughed at that concept, cause it's exactly the same as Silver and the Gunmen. She knows her stuff.

> Silver lead Langly over to the lead singer, John Doe. He was the plainest guy you could ever see, cropped blond hair, blue eyes, tall and lanky. Silver assured that his voice was not plain at all. It was a husky northwestern accent. His singing voice could impersonate just about every singer, just like Silver's.
 The bass player was Michael Myers, containing resemblance to Michael Myers from the Halloween movies. His parents, fans of Halloween. He plays the hell out of his bass, enough to make Jamie Lee scream.

> Finally the drummer was introduced to Langly. A young looking shock redhead going by the name Bond, James Bond. The complete opposite from the smooth James Bond from the movies. Just laugh at the idea, really.
 "So this is the Ringo, one of the three dudes our Sterling lives with? Your middle name isn't Starr by any chance? Cause you'd fit in well here if it was Starr, Ringo Starr" John laughed after Silver finished the introductions.

> "Maybe, maybe not." Langly grinned. The band laughed.
 "So Sterl, did you get the costumes? All three sets?" said Michael, nodding his head up at her.

> "Oh shit! The costumes! I forgot them!" Silver screamed. The guys looked at her in bewilderment.
 "Don't tell me you forgot to order them, cause I willâ€¦" John pulled Michael back away from Silver. She just laughed, as if something funny happened and no one else got it.

> "Silly boysâ€¦. I would never forget the costumes. I'm the only one with decent contacts, and Jimmie Pop Ali's size." Silver laughed loudly as she left the garage to fetch the costumes from the trunk of her car. John let go of Michael and scoffed towards Silver.
 "She's tricky. How's it holding up so far, living and working with her? She drives us nuts all the time, making life like an April Fools joke everyday. But we love her to death as our acting, guitarist, and all out good friend. It's hard not to be attracted to her, eh?" John rambled off, looking over at Langly.

> "She's really tricky. It's like if she knows us Gunmen like the back of her hand. Scary. She defiantly drives the other two guys nuts, but she lays off on me. Some weird reason whyâ€¦. I agree with you fully on that attraction thing. Her pheromones just scream out all the time and all we do is just unknowingly follow the leader." Langly answered, looking towards the door.
 As if the force screamed out, the door flew open. Silver walked blindly through the door, with costumes piled in her arms. All four guys rushed to her and took the costumes off her hands. It was a flurry of plastic, leopard print, monkey costumes, and formal wear. It bugged Langly to think what type of band wears leopard print, formal wear, and monkey costumes all in the same act. He started to ask what was the reason for odd costumes, and Silver's hand flew up.

> "Say no word Lang. We're not an average band. We theme our weekend performances. We're actors too, you know." Silver said to Langly, drawing her hand down.
 "Formal wear for our welcome back actâ€¦." Said John, pointing to three tuxes and a prom-like dress.

> "Monkey costumes for our theme, The Bad Touch, Bloodhound Gang. Just to wear when coming back out with our special guest, Jimmie Pop, singerproducer of the Bloodhound Gang" said Michael, pointing to five monkey costumes.

> "And mammals-on-the-discovery-channel leopard print wear. We have these on under the monkey costumes, which we *UNZIP* the monkey costumes to show this leopardy print." Chirped James, pointing at the last batch of costumes, a variety of clothes with leopard print anywhere on them.
 "Pretty cool, huh? We just wanted to be different than all the other bands, and DC and Portland loves us for it." Grinned Silver as she picked up her costumes, prom dress, monkey costume, and a short skirted, spaghetti strapped leopard print dress. She headed off down near the dressing rooms that Langly glimpsed upon entering the garage. The dressing rooms looked like Hollywood dressing rooms, with a gold star on each of the doors, a different band member's name on each star.

>
 Langly sat down again, but to think. He looked around the two-car garage. Working was different than any band he'd ever seen. He wondered if it was a good thing. Assuming from what Silver said about how different Working was from other bands, they must have met and formed in Silver's hometown of Portland, Oregon. Actors auditioning for plays and commercials in the greater Portland area. Being laughed out of auditions by their unusual names, they banded together and made up more normal names. Realizing they all played instruments, they decided to form a band different than any other: playing in themes, playing other band's songs, all sharing unusual names, and being more social with their fans. That was a baffling thing, and Langly just liked the entire idea of it, new and different.

>
 Langly didn't notice at first, but the band had changed into their formal costumes and was setting up for rehearsal. He snapped out of his thinking in space and paid his full attention to the songs. James was clad in a James Bond-type tux; Michael in a 70's crushed velvet tux, John in a baby blue tux, and Silver in a long flowing satin red dress, with twin thigh slits on the sides. They played a firm act of six of their songs.

>
 The music types of each song were all different, much like Smash Mouth's way of songs. By guessing and comparing Working to Smash Mouth, Silver was the Greg Camp of Working. She wrote great songs and played guitar. She even sang every once in awhile.

>
 The band jumped off the stage and headed to their dressing rooms again. Langly could hear muffled voices and five doors shutting. He paused to think for a minute, there was four members in the band. Why was there *FIVE* doors being shut? Langly didn't really pay attention to anybody else that was in the garage except for him and Working. Then, he heard five people coming up the back stairs behind the curtain. They came out, jumping around like monkeys, taking their places on the stage. The fifth member was Jimmie Pop, from the Bloodhound Gang. He must have showed up as Working was rehearsing, making it impossible for Langly to hear him come in.

>
 The sight to see of five people standing around on a stage in the exact monkey suits used in 'The Bad Touch' video was more than hilarious. The guys crowded around Silver, sans Madonna and her male troupe. They fingered her costume before Jimmie was willing to unzip it off of her. As the costume dropped off her arms and shoulders piling into a mound of light brown fuzz at her leopard sneaker feet, the dress was shorter than it seemed. She pushed the guys back and stepped out of the costume. She turned around and pushed James backwards. She pushed him far enough back so that he stumbled onto

his drums. She grabbed hold of his zipper at the back of his costume and pulled it downward in a quick fluid motion.

> As James kicked his costume off, he had a leopard print lined dress jacket, a leopard print tie, leopard print side stripe on both sides of his dress pants, and shiny dress shoes. James always stuck to the smooth James Bond-type suits. He picked up his drumsticks and took his seat behind his drums and started up the steady drum tempo intro to 'The Bad Touch' as Silver spun back around towards Michael.

 Unzipping Michael's costume and him shedding it like James did. But Michael had a buttoned down solid leopard print shirt, dark blue jeans, and dark blue Airwalks. He retorted to picking up his bass guitar and joined James in the intro.

> Slinking over to John and Jimmie, paired together, they stood on either sides of her. She put an arm on their shoulders before yanking their costume zippers down.
 Then she walked off and picked up her guitar and joined in with James and Michael in the intro as Jimmie and John shed their costumes and straightened their clothes: Jimmie in a snug fitting dark blue t-shirt with leopard print stripes going down the shoulders and sleeves, baggy cargo khaki pants with leopard print stripes on the pant leg sides, and black Adidas shoes with white stripes. And James in an loose unbuttoned solid leopard print shirt with a black tank top underneath, baggy board shorts with the leopard print stripes on the sides, and sleek blue Nike sneakers.

>
 It wasn't long until Jimmie and John picked up their microphones and started to sing to the steady techno beat. The band started of goof off, while keeping the song going. Langly couldn't stand it, a perfectly good band wasting their energy on the most lewd song out there. Besides Langly couldn't go to see Working's weekend shows, he had to do work over the weekend with Byers and Frohike.

>
 Fridays through Sundays, Silver took off and became her rock-star-for-the-weekend self. It was going to be hard for the Gunmen to get used to Silver's rock band weekends, they would only see her late at night and in the morning until she took off at noon for breakfast, rehearsal, lunch, wasting time, performing, drinks and dancing, before she came back home at 3 in the morning to sleep until noon and repeating the same thing over until Sunday. Everything returned to normal on Mondays.

>
 As they finished the dirty laced techno song, Silver looked at Langly and all time slowed down. He lived in that moment, when Silver looked happily at him. Jimmie faded away, as with the rest of the band. Major Wayne-sees-hot-rock-goddess-chick moment from _Wayne's World_. The music stopped up abruptly and he snapped out of it.

> "And that's a wrap! Good job guys! Gonna make the Weekend's crowds go wild." Grinned Silver, setting her guitar back on its stand.
 "You guys were good." Langly said as he got up to her as she approached him, tugging her super short dress down.

> "Thanks. You up for a favor?" Asked Silver, giving her dress a final tug before giving up.
 "Anytime, man. What's the deal on the favor?"

> "Give the need to speed on the four computers on the Bloodhound Gang bus. Lupus is kicking his own ass over them. They blew up not that long ago. How about it?"
 "I could always use a challenge, bring it on."

> "Let me get dressed and we'll head off with Jimmie."

> After Silver had changed back into her clothes she wore this morning, the entire band packed up and headed to Weekend's, John's club, only open from Friday-Sunday. The Bloodhound Gang's tour bus was cleverly hidden behind the club. Jimmie lead Langly and Silver

into it.
 "The computers are with Lupus, big tall dude over there." Jimmie said as he pointed out Lupus and the computers to Langly.

> "Cool." Langly grinned as he headed over to Lupus. "What's the prob with the comps, man?"
 "Major crashing. I'm guessing I overdid it on the porn." Lupus shrugged.

> "I can salvage it all. It's nothing to kick the shit out of." Lupus got up and let Langly work his kung fu.
 "So this is your returning favor to Jimmie? Him singing with you guys for the weekend, and you pay it back with a geek touching my addiction?" Lupus asked Silver with a hint of boredom in his voice.

> "Shut up Lupus. You couldn't fix your own machines yourself. Langly here is DC's finest when it comes to his computer kung fu. Don't knock until you've tried it." Scoffed Silver.
 "Rightâ€|â€|â€|" Lupus rolled his eyes.

> "Your problem was a basic porn virus. Be more careful at downloading that German chick stuff. It's wired to kill. Your systems are all up and running better than ever. Your ISDN line as dragging at slow speeds, I wired it up to kill. You heard the lady, don't knock until you've tried it." Langly got up from his seat and grinned. Silver laughed at Lupus. Unsure of Langly, Lupus headed to the computers and tested some stuff.
 "Ok, ok. You're right. Consider the favors paid off." Lupus said from behind the computers, masking his defeat.

> "Good job Blondie." Silver said, patting Langly on the back.
 "I got a Q. How did you get Jimmie to sing with Working this weekend?" Langly asked, turning to Silver.

> "Jimmie is a friend of mine. Want to hear the whole story of how I got tied up in the BG?" Silver said, looking over at Jimmie and laughing.
 "Don't tell that story, Sterling. The band keeps reminding me of it every damn day." Jimmie whined.

> "Shut up, JAMES." Silver stared down at Jimmie.
 "Just this one time! Then that's it!"

> "Thank you. It was way back in 1994, in a rocking nightclub in Philly. I was completely wild that night, out partying with my best friend. I had stole the guitar from the band on stage that night, which was BG. Lupus was dazed and confused since I stole it right out of his hands and continued playing it for him. I was dancing and playing off a small bar table, I wasn't sure if it would hold my weight, but I didn't give a damn anyway. After the act, Jimmie came after me to retrieve Lupus' guitar and to talk me up to whatever room he was staying in somewhere in Philly. Little did Jimmie here know that I wasn't even close to drunk yet. I was acting drunk. Upon arriving in his hotel room, he hit on me. But, the story gets better! I made him get undressed, then I taunted him, right before shoving him, butt naked, out of his hotel room. He ran around the hotel, trying to get something to cover him up. All that time, I sat in his hotel room and raided the mini bar. Later on, he got an extra key and came back to call a truce. I called a friendship so I could still beat the crap out of him." Silver laughed. Lupus and Langly started laughing also. Jimmie was embarrassed, but he still laughed.
 "That story is so funny, man! I remember it like it was yesterday. I love that story!" Lupus laughed loudly.

> "Calm down Lupus, it might happen to you sometime."
 "Can you do it to me? I'd like to run around DC naked!"

> "Are you sure you want to do that? The FBI headquarters are here, you can get in some deep shit, you know."
 "Maybe some other time."

> "Whatever. Langly, do you want me to drive you back? The band and I have to set up and get ready. It's almost three, Byers and Frohike

don't know where we are."
 "Sure. Let's go. It was cool meeting you guys. I hope the computers work better." Langly said, heading out of the tour bus.

> "Ain't no thing." Lupus said from behind the computers.

> Silver and Langly drove back to the Lone Gunmen offices, laughing and talking about the day. When they arrived, Byers and Frohike blew their tops, demanding to know where they went.
 "Don't get all daddy-poo on us, I had rehearsal, remember? My band is back together. I took Langly with me cause you went postal on him because of me practicing a Ramones song. Chill out." Silver assured.

> "Fine, but leave a note next time." Byers sighed and sat down in his chair again.

> The weekend passed very slowly, Langly didn't go to any of the shows Working did. He didn't feel up to seeing the same lewd song being played at the end of the show each night. Sunday's show was at 4 instead of the other show's 7, because people return back to work or school Monday morning. Silver had asked Langly Sunday morning before taking off for rehearsal, if he wanted to go out to a club with her after the early show on Sunday. He spent most of his Sunday thinking if he should go or not.

> Silver came home around 11PM Sunday night. Langly heard her come in and instantly went straight to the couch. He lay there for awhile and made his final decision. He got up quietly and made his way towards Silver asleep on the couch.
 "Silver, Silver?" whispered Langly, gently shaking Silver to wake her up.

> "Langly, Langly?" Silver whispered back. Her eyes opened and looked up at Langly.
 "I want to go."

> "To the club I asked you?"
 "Yeah." Langly looked at Silver, wrapped up in her zebra striped soft fleece blanket; the pale yellowish light casting strips of light through the blinds from the hall light outside the window. It made her look somewhat like a character from old 50's mob movies.

> "Then get dressed in your best clubbing clothes, no t-shirts, bring out the snazzy button-down shirts and new sneakers. Because we're going to Club Heaven and Hell!" Silver smiled. Langly grinned and headed off to get dressed in his better clothes.

> Upon arriving at Club Heaven and Hell, it was mayhem. People lined up at the door, arguing with the guard. Silver flashed the guard her ID. He automatically let her in. It confused Langly, but that didn't bug him because he wanted to party!

> And party yet they did. The club had three different levels, Hell, Heaven, and the in-between area. They did a lot of moving between all three. When dawn approached, Silver and Langly headed back to the offices. Back at home, Byers and Frohike blew their tops, again.

End
file.